



A PUBLIC DANGER.

Jack. "SEE THAT CHAP, MOTHER! HE'S THE ONLY PRO-BOER IN OUR SCHOOL!"

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

["Owing to the evictions which have been taking place in Southwark, we are confronted with the problem of numerous houseless families. The tenants of the dwellings, which were in an unsanitary condition, were given notice to quit that the premises might be done up."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHAT is this weeping of women and wailing?

What is this cry of the children I hear?

What is this moan of the sick and the ailing,
That shiver and cough as the night draweth near?
Why are these houseless ones huddled together,
Their outraged Penates flung down in a heap,
With never a roof betwixt them and the weather,
And never a hole where the weary can sleep?

Nay, hush, O ye women, your impotent crying!

Ye terrified children, be comforted too!

And cease from your moaning, ye sick and ye dying!

'Tis only your good that the Law has in view.

Her motherly heart, with solicitude swelling,

Is shocked at your dens with disease over-run;
And rather than see you in such a poor dwelling,
She saith in her wisdom, "Lo, ye shall have none."

Oh, tender devotion! Oh, love unrestricted!

Ineffable kindness! Down, down on your knees.

And pour out your gratitude, O ye evicted!

What! Have ye no thanks for such blessings as these?

Still tears, bitter tears, and black grief and repining

And wrath in your hearts, and indignant despair?

What though ye be cold and your little ones whining?

The Law in her mercy has given you air.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To the *Healing of the Sea* (SMITH ELDER) contains vivid descriptions of the New York Stock Exchange in moments of frenzied excitement. Mr. FRANCIS HARDY has evidently studied the subject on the spot, and is most successful in reproducing it for the edification of milder-mannered citizens. All the chapters relating to Stock Exchange transactions are written with a master hand. When Mr. HARDY takes some of his characters to the healing of the sea, provided by a passage to Southampton in an ocean liner, he becomes conventional. My Baronite recognises in him a man of dauntless courage. He boldly tells, and spoils in the telling, the story about the Red Indian, who, seated for the first time in his life at a civilized dinner table, ate the contents of the mustard-pot. When, presently, tears of agony rolled down his untwitching face, and his host asked him what was the matter, he made answer he was thinking of his late grandmother. It is a little startling to have this ancient story resuscitated in the conversation glittering through one of the latest of the six-shilling novels.

In *Fate the Fiddler* (CONSTABLE) Mr. H. C. MACILWAINE realises most admirably the experience of two English squatters in the comparatively early days of Australian development, before the discovery of gold. If the author's processes are somewhat leisurely, he justifies himself, according to my Nautical Retainer, by effects which could not otherwise have been obtained. We are left with a firm impression of the unconscious modifications of character which are the inevitable result of a life removed from all conventions; its tendency, in particular, to accentuate original differences in natures thrown upon their own resources.

The book is less a novel, in the accepted sense, than a study of the influence, physical, moral and social, of circumstance and locality. His Australian types—the squatter, active or retired, the bushman, the money-lending capitalist—he represents with the authority of intimate knowledge; and to this he brings the added charm of a finely artistic sense of colour, a loving appreciation of detail, a studied reserve of literary strength. In his sketches of types whose features are less exotic he perhaps exposes his limitations; certainly the character of the English BARBARA, whose action so largely determines the course of his hero's destiny, is very inadequately defined. On the other hand, when he portrays that delightful colonial, Mrs. FENTON, his heart is obviously in his work. B. DE B.-W.

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR FRENCH SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY HENRI TROPFORT.

WHAT happened after the death of the last French King?

Under the descendants of the Belgian, JEAN de Gand, the English were fighting always against the French. HENRY V. gained a temporary advantage by a treacherous attack by night on the French, at Azincourt, and actually conquered a part of France. The English call him a hero; it is evident that he was but a brigand.

Could HENRY VI. retain the French provinces seized by his father?

No. The English were soon driven from France, and retained only Calais. The name of this town was mysteriously tattooed on the left side of each sovereign, over the heart, until the reign of Mary I., who revealed the secret before her death. The tattooing was then discontinued. During the reign of Henry VI., London was taken by JOHN CAD. Even at present the name "Cad" enrages a Londonian. After the struggle between the two towns of York and Lancaster, now extremely peaceable, we come to the reign of EDWARD IV., in fine, an English King, although after-grandson of EDOUARD III. H. D. B.

THE *Daily News* informs us that Mr. JOHN TWEED has just completed his colossal statue of Mr. CECIL RHODES. Appropriate, "The Colossus of Rhodes."



A PAIN(T)FUL JOKE.

SAC. "WHAT AN AGONISED LOOK SOME ARTISTS SEEM TO GIVE THEIR PORTRAITS."
HE. "HEM!—ER—YES. SORT OF DRAWN EXPRESSION!"

ALMS A LA MODE.

SCENE—A Ladies' Club. Philanthropists discovered in conversation.

First Philanthropist. It should be the biggest thing of the season. We can have tableaux vivants.

Second Phil. Yes, I have kept my dress that I wore in Godiva's ride. And then TOM is capital with a banjo song.

Third Phil. And I can do some skirt dancing.

Fourth Phil. My métier is to sit as a milkmaid selling butter.

Fifth Phil. I know, dear; but you never attend to business when the Brigade turn up.

Fourth Phil. No chance of that, darling; they are all at the front.

Sixth Phil. Of course we will have any number of stalls. And the saleswomen must appear in national costumes like Earl's Court, or more so.

Seventh Phil. First rate. We can get the goods if we advertise the firms on a souvenir.

Fourth Phil. Which we can get written and illustrated for nothing. BLANCHE knows a number of "interesting people."

Third Phil. Is there anything else to be remembered?

First Phil. Well, of course, we should get a good list of smart people—duchesses for choice.

Fifth Phil. I knew we had forgotten something? Here you are, arranging all sorts of diversions, and yet you have overlooked the *raison d'être* of the festival.

First Phil. Have we? As how?

Fifth Phil. Well, of course, you will do it for a charity—which one?

First Phil. The charities are far too prosperous!

Fifth Phil. May be so, but what's to be our particular charity?

First Phil. Oh, don't bother about that. The charity is quite a detail.

(Curtain.)

THE PRESIDENTS' DUET.

(After "The Burghers' Battle.")

Steyn.

THICK rise the rooineks o'er the land
That erst the burgher bore;
Lord ROBERTS smites with heavy hand,
And we return no more.

Krüger.

From Rand and reef more strong will flow
The stream of ruddy ore,
But Uitlanders the swag will stow,
And we return no more.

Steyn.

What peace or joy will bless their gates?
What wise man bring them lore?
What Wessels sail for distant states,
Now we return no more?

Krüger.

What President the Raad will lead
Which I have ruled of yore?
What pots de vin shall be his meed,
Now we return no more?

Steyn.

The Briton will not beat or kill
(Unlike his brother Boer)
The Kaffirs at his own sweet will,
When we return no more.

Krüger.

The wicked flourish for a day—
So take we, grieving sore,
Two singles, Delagoa Bay,
Since we return no more.

Steyn.

Remember how, all rash and vain,
You spoke the word of war,
And sowed this harvest of the plain—
That we return no more.

Krüger.

Ja, Ja! So, Providence knows best.
True, the old days are o'er—
Yet have we feathered each his nest,
Though we return no more!

[Exeunt—*viâ* Delagoa Bay.

"Up goes the price of 'Gas'!" or it might be stated as more nearly approaching the exact quotation, "Up goes the price of met-er!" Sixpence extra a thousand! We burn with just indignation.

THE NEXT BENEFIT.

(Preliminary Prospectus.)

In aid of the Fund for the Distribution of Money amongst the Undeserving Rich, a performance will be given at the Theatre Royal Advertisement, of which the following will be the chief items:

Twenty-two tragedians will recite.
Twenty-four comedians will tell stories.
Twenty-six ladies will dance.
Twenty-eight ladies will sing.
Thirty music-hall artistes will entertain.
Scenes from a dozen metropolitan successes will be given.

The whole will conclude with SHERIDAN'S masterpieces, GOLDSMITH'S comedies, and the entire series of SHAKESPEARE'S works.

Commence at 7 A.M. Terminate when it's over.

A BUNTING SONG.

(By A. A. S.)

[During the recent rejoicings, a vast number of Union Jacks have been flown that were made in Germany, and incorrectly designed, or else hung the wrong way up. Many, also, of the cheaper Royal Standards exhibit the Harp in the second or upper outside quarter instead of in the third or lower quarter next the mast. It is noticeable, too, that the Tricolour has been very largely adopted, in spite of the fact that, vertically, this is the French flag, and horizontally the Dutch, while by another arrangement (white uppermost, blue and red) we have the Russian flag. And as a further compliment to our friends the enemy, we displayed the Transvaal "four-colours," when wearing the green with the Union Jack on March 17.]

I.

"THREE cheers for the Red, White and Blue"

Sing Britishers loyal and true;

We hoist it in glory,

And roar, Whig and Tory,

Hooray

For French and for Kimberley Day!

(But if closely you view,

The Flag's upside down or askew!)

II.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

Pro-Boers are futile and few—

We run up the bunting,

All traitors confronting,

Hooray

For Cronjé and Paardeberg Day!

(But the flag that you view

Is oft a French tricolor new!)

III.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue"

And the flag that on Patrick's day flew!

When the "green" we were flaunting,

Of WHITE we were vaunting—

Hooray

For Buller and Ladysmith Day!

(But our vierkleur in view

Seemed to flatter OOM PAUL and his crew.)

IV.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

We mafficked for all that we knew;

Yards of ribbon we sported

And buttons assorted!

Hooray

For B.-P. and for Mafeking Day!

(While the colours you'd view

Were the drickleur of Hollanders, too!)

V.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

Khaki for campaigning will do,

But 'tis too unobtrusive,

For joy that's effusive!

Hooray

For Bobs and Pretoria Day!

(But 'tis odd that we view
In London each Muscovite hue!)

VI.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

One more when the Peace is put through!

In our German-made Standard

The Harp has meandered—

Hooray,

When it comes, for Victoria Day!

(Let us carefully view,
And the wrongly-set Ensign taboo!)



Policeman. "'ERE, CLEAR THIS OUT OF THE WAY."

Little Girl. "GARN WITH YER! YOU WAS IN ONE O' THEM YERSELF ONCE!"



NOW, IN JUNE, AN OLD MAN'S FANCY
LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF—ER—THE MAY-FLY.
(Home-made too.)

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 16.—A grand performance of *Tannhäuser*! Personally conducted by Herr MOTT. Venus, the Strong woman, —Süss an' STRONG—wrestled gloriously with the wayward *Tannhäuser*, putting forth all her strength and sweetness, but with so shifty a character as the hero the art of a Sandow would have been unavailing, and he escaped. The opera here ran into a tunnel, and on emerging after the manner of the Biograph at the Palace Theatre, *Tannhäuser* found himself in a charming German landscape, whence all but he had apparently fled. On an inaccessible kopje to the left, however, and quite out of sight of one side of the audience, Fräulein OLITZKA was present in strength, and disguised as a youthful shepherd she fascinated a delighted house with the exquisite legend of Holda. The second act introduced us to Mlle. TERNINA as *Elizabeth*, and a very delightful acquaintance she proved to be, singing superbly throughout. Comic relief was plentiful when the aristocracy and gentry of the neighbourhood arrived for the local Eisteddfod. One little military gentleman, who brought his daughters, could hardly be induced to leave the "presence"; he was plainly entranced with M. PLANÇON's costume, which rather suggested Nebuchadnezzar. *Wolfram* (M. VAN ROOY) opened the competition with a song quite perfectly rendered, and we mentally awarded him the bardic gold medal, or its equivalent in loeks, but the proceedings being hopelessly broken up soon after by the rowdy behaviour of *Tannhäuser*, the distribution of prizes had not yet been reached when we left the building at 11.45. M. PLANÇON sang gloriously all through, and his German was flawless.

Mem. at the end of evening.—What exquisite music can be produced by casually patting a harp on the strings with the open hand every few minutes or so—when the idea occurs to

you. The odd thing is that it goes on just the same, whether you remember to do so or not! Enables you to devote all your attention to your singing!

Monday, June 18.—*Les Huguenots*, EDOUARD DE RESZKE came out strong as *Piff-Puff Marcel*, the sturdy old Hug-me-not soldier, while SALEZA, as *Raoul de Nangis*, his master, was simply triumphant. PLANÇON good as *St. Bris*. LUCILLE HILL, better at finish than starting, came up to time and tune in the great duett with *Saleza-Raoul*, which went magnificently, as did he "with leaps and bounds" out of the window to join in the scrimmage below. *Marguerite de Valois* found a more than satisfactory representative in Mlle. MIRANDA, who in her great song won her laurel crown. Delightful part this! Only to appear in one act, just at the best part of the evening, sing one brilliant cadenza and then—exit, having charmed everybody and pleased yourself! Miss EDYTH WALKER ['Tis a pretty way of spelling Edith this—yet wherefore the "y"? Also, could not WALKER have been freshened up as "WARKUR"? But this is asking too much,] acted as well as she sang, doing both to the heartily expressed satisfaction of a crowded house. Altogether a good performance, notable for SALEZA's *Raoul*, which is a record. Than Mlles. BAUERMEISTER and MCCULLOCH (as it is no longer exclusively the Royal Italian Opera, we get sweet singers of all nationalities) there could not be two more superior Maids of Honour. They were evidently "to the 'manner' born." Honours easy to them. We are now half-way through a season, that so far seems to have been an exceptionally good one.

Wednesday, June 20.—*Don Giovanni* in Italian. Crowded house to welcome MOZART's masterpiece. "Alliteration's artful aid," accurate on this occasion. Signor SCOTTI not the ideal Don, about as good as anyone can be in that rôle. M. EDOUARD DE RESZKI capital as *Leporello*—in good voice and, as always, in "great" form. M. GILBERT loutishly comic as *Mazetto*. *Il Commendatore* represented by M. JOURNET with distinction. As the statue he looks in excellent health—quite a colour. Miss SUSAN STRONG powerful as *Donna Anna*, and Miss MARGUERITE MACINTYRE doing her best with poor *Elvira*. *Zerlina* bright and coquettish, thanks to Mlle. SCHEFF. Everyone pleased to once again meet the familiar melodies. WAGNER out of it to-night. As there's a Week o' WAGNER, will there ever be a Month of MOZART?

THE INSPECTOR'S LAMENT.

["The lower babies' mental arithmetic leaves much to be desired."—School Inspector's report, quoted by Sir John Gorst.]

WHAT will become of England if things go on this way? There's hundreds of poor infants learning nothing day by day. They fairly set my hair on end with every kind of blunder. Ah me! the hopeless ignorance of babes of three and under!

A problem in arithmetic of quite a simple kind Seems past the comprehension of the shallow infant mind; They fail to grasp—for want, I fear, of proper education—The obvious first principles of ratiocination.

Of science or of history they hardly know a word; Of Latin, Greek, or Sanskrit some have never even heard; And when a searching question I occasionally try, Instead of smartly answering, the lower babies cry.

How long am I to plough the sands? How long am I, I ask, To be a School Inspector and to ply this weary task? Until the matter's mended, I again can only say, What will become of England if things go on this way?

LORD MORRIS, having power to add to his number, has taken the title of Lord KILLANIN. He is now "Lord MORRIS AND KILLANIN," i.e. an excellent Hibernian example of Sheridan's "Two single gentlemen rolled into one."



THE PUZZLED KANGAROO.

"WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'S WHAT I WANTED; BUT I'M HANGED IF I KNOW *WHAT* I'VE GOT!"



He "I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART, WITH ALL MY MIND, MY EVERY THOUGHT, MY —"
 She (interrupting). "YES, I KNOW. BUT ALL THAT MEANS SO LITTLE!"

"ARS EST 'MONSTRARE' ARTEM."

No doubt of it. The art of Arts is to display works of art to the very best advantage. To do this "well and truly," as the Masons have it, needs a veritable Master of Arts, or several Masters of Arts. Translate *Ars est celare artem* properly, and it means "It is genuine artfulness to hide away your treasures." Undoubtedly, this collection at Hertford House, shows what art they had who arranged the present and permanent exhibition. These Masters are to be congratulated.

What a sight! What a show! What a splendid collection of snuff-boxes, bric-à-brac, ivories, miniatures, porcelain and faience, illuminations, china, bronzes, jewelled ornaments, armour and arms, oil paintings and water-colours by all sorts of masters, great and small, bequeathed to the nation by Lady WALLACE, and here permanently housed. Why, as the poet sings,

"Stayed you here throughout a month,
 From the very first to the thirty-one'th,
 Never by any chance going away,
 Up all night and about all day,
 Could you master a twentieth part
 Of this collection of rarest Art?"

And the answer is emphatically, "No, you couldn't; not even were you personally conducted by clever Claude Phillips, the Curator, who could tell you all about everything." Yet, though the house as now arranged makes an admirable museum, and is to all intents and purposes in a fairly central situation, the lover of art, who is the visitor here to-day, cannot but feel a bias towards the proposition of Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A. (who remained in the respectable minority of one, on certain

points, as against the other seven members of the Committee—"seven more obstinate men I never saw," as the jurymen declared who held out for "not guilty" against the other eleven), which was, that "great advantage would result from the Wallace collection being installed in a new building, to be constructed in the vicinity of the National Gallery." Everybody in town and country knows where the National Gallery is, but we should say that the majority (including Provincials of course) have yet to learn the locality of Hertford House.

"Arford 'Ouse?" repeated our hansom cabman, quite an average specimen of his "rank." "Where's that, sir?"

"Arford 'Ouse?" inquired another equally sharp hansom driver. "Let's see—ain't that where Sir WILLIAM WALLIS were?"

The substitution of "WILLIAM" for "RICHARD" showed historical knowledge, recalling "Scots wha hae" and so forth. These are facts. But no doubt the locality will soon be discovered, as has, I am informed on good authority, been the case with the Tate Gallery, which is out of touch with most omnibuses and with Metropolitan and District Stations; likewise it has no pier for steamers. It possesses, however, a cab-stand limited.

To do more than chronicle the opening of the Wallace Collection to the public is here impossible. In another visit, and another after that, we may hope to give to town and country some idea of what there is to be seen in this unique collection. Everyone to his taste, and assuredly everyone will be individually gratified. For ourselves, give us a few gems by VAN DER HELST, some VAN OSTADES, a couple of CUYPS, and as many as you like by ROMNEY, ROBERTS, COBOT, and marvellous MEISSONIER; a nice pick from Flanders; just something to go off with from Spain and Italy, and have a van at the door appropriately ready to cart away the Dutchmen to our private residence, and we'll never trouble Hertford House, nor any gallery again, that is when Detectives are on duty. But till then Hertford House will be on our visiting list, whenever in town, for some time to come. We forgot Gainsborough; so, while the cart is at the door, just put in No. 42, Portrait of Mrs. ROBINSON, and Sir JOSHUA's No. 35, and pack 'em off to OUR OWN COLLECTOR.

Wednesday last was the Press day. Guardians and police on the alert: very curious as to what impressions the Press-men might carry away with them. Never saw a place so guarded and so police'd! Friday a High-and-mighty day. Mr. Punch and other distinguished visitors had the honour of meeting their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES, being thereto specially invited by the Earl of ROSEBERRY, Sir JOHN MURRAY-SCOTT, and Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD, representing the trustees of the Nation's Treasure, who, by choosing Hertford House have, undoubtedly, secured certain "immediate advantages" for the grateful public. Mr. Punch, on behalf of the Nation, tenders the trustees his heartiest thanks.

SUGGESTED RULES FOR THE G. P. O.

1. LETTERS intended for the Provinces must be posted half an hour before they are written.
2. There will be no "too late" stamp for letters that are intended to go by a delivery that does not arrive.
3. Papers, if posted in the London office, will not be despatched by the Provincial office until notice has been given to the parties interested.
4. In order to secure the convenience of the permanent officials, letters will be ignored unless they contain stamps to the amount required by the regulations not yet formulated.
5. In case of complaint the public will have the option of writing to St. Martin's-le-Grand or Mount Pleasant, and upon the non-receipt of a reply from one of these offices are requested to write to the other, and in the event of obtaining no satisfactory explanation to begin again.



SUNDAY AT THE ZOO.

Mr. Murphy. "EXCUSE ME, SORR; BUT CAN YE DIRECT ME TO THE GOIN' OUT INTRANCE!"

MISSING THE 18TH.

THE Veteran passed through Trafalgar Square and found the remains of wreaths and flowers. Some one had not forgotten the date of Gordon Day, and there were traces of decorations near the column. Even CHARLES THE FIRST had been treated with tenderness, and the pedestal of his statue covered with flowers. Go where he would, the veteran had the same experience. By this time he had returned to Hyde Park Corner.

"My statue as it has ever been! No wreaths, no flags, and yet this is the 18th of June!"

"Waterloo Day," cried the street urchin.
"We don't want flags to remember that battle, Sir."

"ARE YOU ANSWERED NOW?" asks SHY-LOCK; and so also demand the clever correspondents who have guessed the riddle in the last number. Why, certainly; if it isn't "Mandrake," what can it be?

KUMATI POORT.

[Written in intelligent anticipation of events.]

Air—"Excelsior!"

FAR off the cannon faintly popped
As in a railway-station stopped
A special train (propelled by stoem)
Which bore a party labelled "OOM,
Kumati Poort."

His hat was high; his brow (beneath)
Carried it bravely like a wreath:
"Ticket!" the Station-master cried;
He simply answered "Right inside!
Kumati Poort!"

He saw, as in a doubtful dream,
His Dutchman getting up her steam;
He saw her lights across the bay
Which he was making for, via
Kumati Poort.

"Try not the track," the porter said;
"They're blowing up the line ahead!"
The Chieftain answered "Shut the door!"
And inly murmured, as before,
"Kumati Poort!"

"Stay!" cried the burghers, "stay, O
stay!"

Don't take the Capital away!"
"Fight on, my braves, fight on!" said he;
"And note my next address will be
Kumati Poort."

"Beware the dynamiter's bomb!
Beware the perilous pom-pom!"
That was the porter's last goodbye,
Which drew the following reply:
"Kumati Poort."

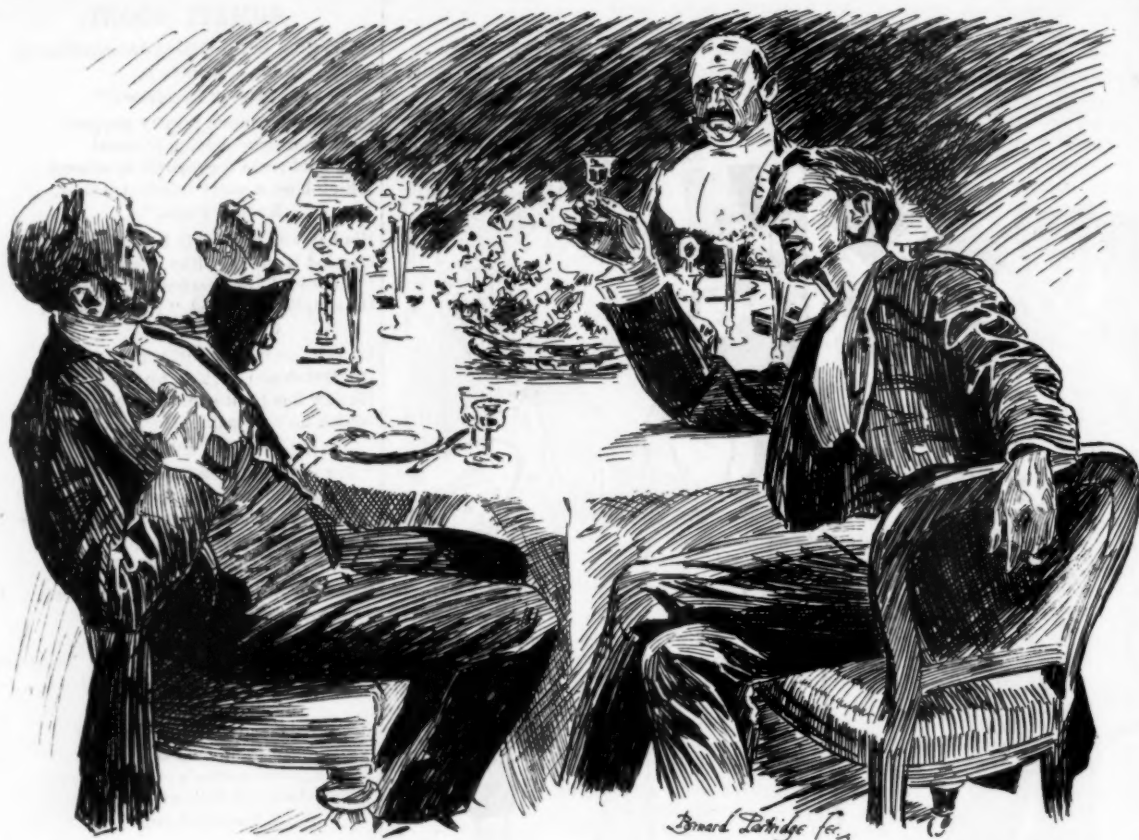
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A horrid crash—a sudden leap
From ambush on his beauty sleep:
And somewhere down a rude abyss
A solemn voice that asked "Is this
Kumati Poort?"

There at the bottom, safe and sound,
The aged Capital was found,
Still grasping, underneath the van,
A bullion-box whose legend ran:
"Kumati Poort."

Aloof he lay without a sigh,
Until his headpiece caught his eye;
Then said, "I loved that ruined hat!
And now I'll never wear it at
Kumati Poort." O. S.

GRÂCE AUX MESSIEURS A.—Messrs. AGNEW & SONS are now exhibiting "*Les Fragonards*," i.e. the decorative canvases by Fragonard, formerly at the Maison Malvilain (what a terrible name!) at Grasse. No wonder that this artistic firm in Bond Street, who know so well—none better—how "to make hay when the sun shines," should have got in these treasures of Grasse. "*L'Amant Couronné*," "*La Poursuite*," "*L'Escalade ou le Rendez-vous*," all charming, and thanks to the generosity of the exhibitors the visitor will take away "*les souvenirs*" with him.



Guest. "THIS IS A CAPITAL GLASS OF PORT!" Host. "AH, MY BOY, IT'S NOT A PATCH ON SOME THAT I'VE GOT IN MY CELLAR!"

THE SONG OF THE SUNSHADE.

[The Adjutant-General is at work on a sunshade.—Mr. Wyndham.]

For many, many years,
'Mid a thousand hopes and fears
I've toiled by day and night
To design a sunshade neat,
Yet effective and complete,
But I've never, never got it right.

I thought, when I began,
'Twas an easy thing to plan,
And dreaming that the task was brief,
I selected as my model
For protecting Tommy's noddle
The simple cabbage leaf.

It had points, beyond a doubt,
But, of course, Pall Mall cried out
In horror at my homely art:
"Such a shade may save the men
From a blazing sun, but then,
Of course, we must have something smart."

So I started on new lines,
And I made some fresh designs
Forbusbies, helmets, forage-caps and such;
But none of them were right,
For some were far too light,
Some shaded you too little, some too much.

I have not succeeded yet,
For the question is beset
With obstacles by no means small;
And I'm very much afraid
That this elegant sunshade
Will be never, never made at all.

EX CATHAY-DRA.

WE charitably assume that our correspondent in China (? Fleet Street) has suddenly become, like the June air, "balmy," but we append his note, for what it is worth:—

Han-Well, Friday, Moonlight.

THE Imperial pints—troops, I mean—have now openly joined the Boxers, and the Boxers mean "going for the gloves." The foreign Admirals said to the Chinese Fords, "We will Taku," and they did. General LI-NG-TUNG has been degraded for allowing his troops to be defeated, but later in the same day was promoted for having induced them to fight at all. This evening he was again degraded, but as, at the same time, he received a message conferring on him the Order of the Poached Egg and Peacock's Feather he hardly knows what he is, or

who he was, and is now seated in the Yamen, wearing straws in his hair and softly crooning "'E dunno where 'e are" in the Chinese tongue.

I am now about to join him.

MORE ANON-SENSE.

A RONDEAU OF THE INEVITABLE.

NEIGHBOUR JONES, for years a score
Daily we each other bore
At the street in Camberwell,
Where at number two you dwell,
(I reside at number four).

When I joined the rifle corps,
I confess to feeling sore
That you volunteered as well,
Neighbour JONES.

Yet I felt it even more
That, when by the sad sea shore,
Life's dull tedium to dispel,
I sought out this distant cell
Here I find you, still next door,
Neighbour JONES!

NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT.—Who's to rule South Africa after he War? "MILNER'S safe."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 27, 1900.



A LEGACY OF DISCORD.

CHINAMAN. "YOU ALLER CHOP-CHOP ME NOW, BUT WELLY SOON FORRIN DEVIL CHOP-CHOP FORRIN DEVIL!"

J.
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AR.
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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 18.—
"Parliamentary life, dear TOBY," PRINCE ARTHUR sighed in my sympathetic ear, "would be endurable only for the Question hour. Putting questions to a Minister is the cheapest form of advertisement open to borough or county member, and he avails himself of it accordingly."

PRINCE ARTHUR'S emotion stirred just now by PICKERSGILL. P., with his provoking air of sleek gentility, wanted to know whether it is intended to accelerate registration of Parliamentary Voters, so that, in the event of Dissolution in late autumn, the General Election may be taken on new register. Hard to say whether PRINCE ARTHUR were more surprised or puzzled. Dissolution! Late Autumn! General Election! He stared across House at PICKERSGILL, marvelling whether too lavish use of hair-oil on Sundays had made him mad.

"The Hon. Gentleman," he said, "apparently has access to information about the Dissolution which is not at my disposal."

PICKERSGILL not nearly so innocent as he looks. Question craftily drawn with intent to extract information on burning topic of date of Dissolution. PRINCE ARTHUR, perhaps unconsciously following Apostolic example, once declared that upon a particular question he spoke as a child. He often does, as far as innocency of manner goes. But his lapses into childhood have about them something reminiscent of HUCKLEBURY FINN.

DON JOSÉ had his little trouble also at Question time; took it in quite different form. Not seen much of BASHMEAD-ARTLETT since he came back from his most recent travel. Understood to be deeply engaged in business arrangements connected with latest concession obtained from Queen of SWAZILAND. Forget whether it is to light the royal palace by electricity, to carry an overhead railway through the capital, or to introduce system of modern sewerage. BASHMEAD'S large sympathies with monarchs in difficulties usually takes a practical form.

Had on paper to-night Question suggesting that Colonial Office has failed in its duties with respect to strengthening and relief of British garrison at Kumassi. Having written up accusation on Order Paper, BASHMEAD ran away. Most Ministers would, in such circumstances, have ignored him and his imputations. That not Don José's way. Touch him, however lightly, from safest end of umbrella or other weapon of offence, and out goes his right arm, the assailant finding himself in attitude of temporary repose. Insisted on answering the Question though it was not put; triumphantly vindicated his department.



Father Neptune. "BUST MY BULKHEADS AND SHIVER MY COMPARTMENTS, HAVE I GOT TO LEARN GERMAN AT MY TIME OF LIFE!"

Business done.—Stirring news from China. Genuine surprise of the Forts. "We'll Tak'n," they said, dropping into the Scotch vernacular at sight of the cosmopolitan men-of-war at mouth of river. Whereas the combined fleet took them.

Tuesday.—It must be admitted that CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden had rather a cool reception. It was Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES who introduced him, leading him in and walking him round, riding two bare-backed steeds after the manner of the circus. House in Committee on Army Estimates. Question of remounts for troops in South Africa under discussion. Cap'en TOMMY, who, ere he went to sea before the mast, served in the horse marines, insisted that Swedish warrior-king's was the only way. "Had two horses to every trooper," said the Cap'en. Consequence was he thought nothing of moving his men ninety miles a day. Till British War Office followed

example of CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden the Empire would have no chance with its enemies at the gate.

Military men, jealous of interference of an old salt in their affairs, pooh-poohed the Cap'en. JEFFREYS said Colonel of British cavalry regiment would be only too grateful if he were provided with a mount for each of his troopers. One man one vote all very well in its way. What JEFFREYS wanted to see established was the rule of one trooper one horse.

The Cap'en forlornly leading away CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden and his two chargers, question of forage cap for TOMMY ATKINS turned on. This brought up FERGUSSON with delightful stream of personal recollection. Across his mind there flashed, as the MARKIES would say, the vision of a sweet little thing of seventeen, in short skirts, disclosing a peep of white stocking (Sir JAMES was particular about the colour) and shoes tied across a high instep with black ribbon. Looking

back over the old pages of *Punch*, we see her tripping thro' John LEECH's pictures. FERGUSON, who, though he doesn't look it, served in the Grenadier Guards fifty years ago, saw the maiden in the flesh, tripping across St. James's Park.

How she came on the scene this evening in discussion on a vote for £4,680,000 for Army Clothing is a story too involved to trace. Everyone expected austere Chairman of Committees would rule her out of order. Like the rest of us, LOWTHER entranced by the pathos of the incident. In a work-a-day world there was something charming in this spectacle of a veteran, who for more than fifty years has served the State (and himself) in various climes, in divers capacities, babbling with softened tone and dimmed eyes of the short-petticoated nymph of more than yesteryear. *Business done.*—Forty millions voted, and all over by a quarter to nine.

House of Lords, Thursday.—The MARKISS in uncommonly high spirits to-night. Made two speeches, which, if they could only have been heard, would have been delightful. Been furtively studying the oratorical manner of Mr. WEIR; result not quite a success. Member for Ross and Cromarty has a private hydraulic process, whereby he draws his voice up from his boots. Secret his own: effect curiously thrilling. The MARKISS, trying to adopt the system, proves hopeless failure. In case of Mr. WEIR, after preliminary creaking of machinery is hushed, his voice rolls through House with deep hollow sound that makes the flesh creep. The MARKISS confidentially communicates his good things to his own chest, and there they remain locked up. Now and then he lifts his head, opens his mouth, and the hungry audience hears half a sentence, the MARKISS provokingly dropping his head on his chest just when he's coming to the point.

Made two speeches to-night. One understood to be distantly connected with Uganda; the other certainly dealt with monument to OLIVER CROMWELL. That's about all it is safe to assert.

It was on his way home that MARKISS disclosed secret of his jovial mood.

"You fellows are always girding at me," he said, "about my ignorance of anything connected with the People. I remember, TOBY, how you chaffed me when, opposing JOHN LUBBOCK's Early Closing Bill, I catalogued what the wife of a working man usually brought home for tea, including candles, coals, a rasher of bacon, and half a pint of paraffin oil. Thought you were very clever, I daresay, showing up my ignorance. Look here. What do you think of this?"

MARKISS fished out of roomy waistcoat pocket scrap of newspaper.

"A lady reached the mature age of eighty-eight, and, therefore, presumably knowing what she's about, temporarily

withdraws from honourable retirement in the Scarborough Workhouse, and does an afternoon's shopping. What does she bring home? Listen. Here's the catalogue as officially recorded.

Bacon, sausages, brawn, cheese, four smoked haddocks, a crab, a pound of onions, a large jam tart, two teacakes, pastry, biscuits, three lemons, three oranges, two packets of sweets, half a pound of tea, two ounces of coffee, two pounds of sugar, and a small flask of whisky.

Now my list, full and varied I admit, was nothing compared with that. But it was on the same lines, and I hope you'll find an opportunity of apologising for your hasty comments." *Business Done.*—DON JOSÉ carries his Australian Commonwealth Bill through Committee amid salvos of applause from the Colonies.

Friday.—House learns with regret that P. and O. SUTHERLAND means to retire



Sir Thomas Sutherland hoists the "Blue Peter."
(The signal of his early departure will cause very general regret.)

from the scene at close of present Parliament. It will be a distinct loss in a quarter not too crowded. SUTHERLAND's name not often appears in Parliamentary reports. When he does speak, shows that his habitual silence is not due to incapacity to express himself in clear and forcible language. A man of affairs, as contrasted with a man of words. He is of the kind that gives solidity to the character, weight to the Counsels of Parliament. Haven't too many of his class. House could better spare a more fluent man.

Business done.—Committee on Civil Service Estimates. WALTER LONG receives tender but hearty acknowledgment of his national service in extinguishing Rabies. Had a hard time. Pluckily held on and now has exceeding great reward of complete success.

MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

IV.—Things (never) seen. The Contributor's Ideal.

[While not unmindful of the delicate literary compliment implied, we would like to remind our correspondent that it is scarcely advisable for him to address his MS. to the Editor of the *Academy* 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.]

THE Editor read through his daily batch of a hundred letters with close attention. He then gave directions that they should all appear at an early date, in leaded type, and in prominent positions. "They deal with uninteresting subjects in a verbose manner," he explained to the sub-editor. "But"—a tear trembled on his eyelash—"they are dear, so dear to their authors. They will be so pleased to see them in print." Then, overcome by a wave of sudden emotion, the chief wrung the hand of his colleague. After a moment's silence—broken only by the distant roar of traffic, the screeching of news-boys, and the murmur of innumerable organs—the Editor said, "How many war poems have we received to-day?"

"Two hundred," was the cheerful reply. "They are falling off in numbers."

"We must publish them in a special supplement," remarked the Editor, decisively. "I suppose they all transgress, as usual, the bounds of good-sense, good-temper and good-taste?" he added carelessly.

"Undoubtedly," said his colleague.

"I'm glad of that," sighed the Editor: "it's always so distressing to have to deal with verse of artistic merit and lofty sentiment. By the way, see that the writers' names are printed in bold, black type, and send a copy of the issue to each contributor together with one of the usual printed forms."

The sub-editor nodded, and smiled with pleasure at the thought of his delightful task. Then he took up a printed form and regarded it thoughtfully. "The Editor humbly requests that the contributor will favour him with as many poems upon trite subjects as the contributor's genius may dictate." Then he looked up. "You know, of course, that the paper is decreasing in circulation at the rate of a thousand copies a week."

"Yes, excellent," murmured the Editor. "After all, journalism is but philanthropy writ large."

THE soldier lives by doughty deeds
All told in history's pages,
Who wages war supplies his needs
For war supplies his wages.

"THE Man in the Street" has become a crowd. There's no space for another man in this or any other street. Please let us never hear of him again.



ACADEMIC Prayer (An), 146
Ad Aluredum Damodignum, 88
Ad Bacchum, 135
"Ad Leones!" 416
All but Official, 446
Almost French, 244
Anticipated History, 217
Apologetic, 41
Apology (An), 58
"Armed Nation" (An), 382
Arms à la Mode, 452
"Ars est 'Monstrare' Artem," 456
Art of Parody (The), 238
As Others see Us, 170
As We see Ourselves, 243
At a Theatre or Two, 132
At the Mutual Admiration Club, 313
At the Queen's Hall, 114
Auri fames, 19
BALLADE of the Ephemeral (A), 297
Ballad of Distressed Exit (A), 402
Bar and its Groaning (The), 344
Bar One, 315
Betting the Budget, 199
Bicycleist's Benison (The), 188
Bitter Cry (A), 415
Blessed Heritage (The), 110
Book of Beauty (The), 17, 28, 100, 118, 224, 300, 2-5, 326, 428
Breaking the Bank at Monte Carlo, 278
Britannia Liberator, 316
Brunnaggon Undergrind (The), 85
Bunting Song (A), 455
Bus Ballad (A), 292
Bus, Bus, Bus, 29
By Telephone, 236
CAPITAL Train (The), 423
Carnivals and Togas, 404
Carpe Diem, 430
"Cassandra" Cuttings, 242
Cat's Meat Square, 24
Cause and Effect, 78
Chadland in the Tansvaal, 205
"Cherchez la Femme!" 254
China for the Chinese, 453
Circumlocution Cabinet (The), 45
Civil Service Examination Paper, 188
Clementina, 195, 214
Cnoidoscope (A), 291
"Colium esse Animum mutant," 28, 43
Common Forms for the Use of Field-Cornets, 170
Concessions, 206
Confessions of a Tripper, 273
Congratulations, 1
Couspuz Joe! 58
Contradiction (A), 313
Contra Smithum, 382
Corolla Corps (The), 64
Council of Perfection (A), 135
Couple of Criticisms (A), 29
Courtesy à la Suisse, 386
Cry from Piccadilly Circus (A), 55
Cum Grano, 129
Cupid and the Vicar of Swale, 105
Cycle of Crime (A), 166
DAGGERS of Doubled-barrelled Names, 382
Darcy Jones on the City and Sub., 294
Darkened Room refers to the Derby, 355
Darkened Room (The), 87
Debut of Hibernia's Joy (The), 13
"Declined with Thanks," 295
"Deeply Veldt," 424
Depreciations, 46, 128, 352
Derby Triplet (A), 387
Devil's Advocates, 370
Diary of a "Peace" Orator, 220
Dim et Mon Droit, 172

Diplomacy à la War Office, 309
Don J.'s Wager in a Nutshell, 166
"Dook" of Greenhawes (The), 141, 159
Drama with a Purpose, 96
Duologue (A), 170
ELIZA ex Machina, 73
"English" for the "British," 422
English History for French Schools, 403, 420, 451
Essence of Parliament, 74, 103, 121, 189, 157, 175, 193, 211, 229, 247, 265, 283, 319, 338, 355, 373, 391, 409, 445
Ex-Commander Rosebery-Bunsby, 42
Expostulation (An), 400
FACING the Music, 185
Farewell, our werry Untrim-built, 291
Farewell Visit (A), 151
Father Thames loquitor, 328
Father Thames's Tip, 218
Few W-a-n-t-s (A), 93
Flat Burglary, 429
Foot-notes to History, 255
From a Bachelor Uncle's Diary, 67, 85
From Mr. Punch to Mr. Pepps, 57
Further Relief (A), 369
GALEITY of London (The), 147
General's Post-Bag (The), 383, 427
Genuine "Subscription Night" at the Covent Garden Opera-House (A), 152
Giving themselves Airs, 368
Glass of Old Madeira (A), 69
Glossary of War Terms, 274
Goldsmiths' Company at the Haymarket, 55, 86
"HAPPY Returns," 435
"Here we are again!" 7
His indicat Suspendiase Vestimenta, 223
Hints for the Amateur Gardener, 118, 127, 272
"Hope" for the Best, 114
Ideal Member (The), 43
Il Teatro Italiano, 379
Imperial Babe (The), 273
"In a Good Cause," 109, 127, 145, 163, 183, 213, 235, 272, 325, 356, 421
Incircumscriptibleness, 280
Inns and Outings, 440
Inspector's Lament (The), 454
Inspiration, Aspiration, 41
In Status Quo, 319
"In the Multitude of Counsellors," 78
In the Name of the Law—Sauce, 291
In Vindication of Science, 225
Islington in Arms, 364
JAPANESE LOANS, 58
Joca Darwiniana, 438
John Ruskin, 31
KEAKI, 44
Kind Congratulations, 81
Kings in Exile, 190
Kumati Poort, 457
La Coquette malsé lni, 433
Lady Habart, 305, 322, 340
Latest Volksleyd (The), 366
Law and the Prophets (The), 277
L. C. G. v. E. & A., 366
L'Enlèvement, 361
"Lest we Forget," 415
Letters to the Celebrated, 146, 314
Little Comparison (A), 405
Little Learning (A), 256
Little Queen's Guide to Dollahouse
Elket, 6, 26, 40
Lydditt, 297
Lyrist's Lament (A), 345
MAGDA, 350
"Man in the Street" (The), 63
Manning the Admiralty, 367

Manuel de la Conversation, 92, 110, 132, 150, 156, 304, 240, 258, 276, 290, 310, 334, 397
Martyrdom of Stockwell (The), 151
Masterpieces Modernised, 49, 57, 99, 117, 171, 189, 303
Matrimonial School (The), 68
Matter of Interest (A), 268
Mems. for the Multitude, 57
Mis-directed MMs., 351, 409, 417
Modern Socrates (The), 307
More Messages, 329
Mr. Hadden's Preferment, 357, 375, 383
Mr. Punch's Eighth Wonder of the World, 279
Mystery of the Thames (A), 349
My Valentine, 111
"NAME to Conjure with" (A), 257
National Anthem, 388
"Nerve," 333
New Canon (The), 351
New Franchise (The), 303
New Gallery and some Old Pictures, 342
New Intruder (A), 51
New Shop (The), 91
Next Benefit (The), 453
Nice for Him, 163
No Room to Live, 306
Nos et Mutamur, 27
Note to Mr. Alfred Austin (A), 98
"Nottingham Lambs" (The), 241
Object Lesson (An), 259
Object Lesson for Skipper, 402
Ode to an Appreciative Cow, 323
Officer, Gentleman, and Scholar, 277
On a Near Prospect of Dissolution, 406
Once in a Century, 50
One Amongst our New-Year Hopes, 23
Open to Alteration, 397
Operatic Notes, 354, 386, 400, 418, 436, 454
Operatic Stores (The), 43
Orchestral Score (An), 163
Ormsby St. John's Hair, 123
Our Bocking-Office 1, 22, 42, 60, 73, 94, 112, 130, 152, 164, 184, 202, 232, 240, 253, 271, 296, 310, 327, 343, 361, 380, 410, 418, 435, 451
Our Own "Private View," R.A., 337
PAGE from a Celestial Diary, 95
Paeckcephaloloutron (The), 177, 195
Paris Beside Himself, 388
Parlour Bored-ers at the Gaiety, 427
Passing of Silome (The), 298
Patriot Abroad (The), 154
Patriot and the Khaki Gent (The), 325
Pauper or Patriot, 115
Pelting the Painters, 384
Perils of the Road, 151
Piece with One Great Feature (A), 312
Place aux Dames, 325
Plaint of the Injured Parodist, 443
Play-producer's Vade Mecum (The), 295
Polite Letter-Writer (The), 2
Politics in Nursery Land, 274
Poor Man's Motto (A), 243
Portion of Portia (The), 330
Post-Mistress of Van Wyk's Vlei (The), 315
Postal Progress, 438
Posthistoric Peeps, 441
Precious Poems, 55, 111, 133, 170, 193
President of Oceania (A), 447
Presidents' Dust (The), 452
Principal Questions for 1900, 18
Private Clothes, 221
Private Views of the R.A., 333
Public Man (The), 380
Publishers, please note, 301

Punch, 346
QUEST of the Remote (The), 294
Quite out of the Cards, 362
Quite out of the Common, 249, 267, 284
RAIN! 153
Rebus in Arduis, 446
Recent Capture of London (The), 280
Regent Street, 258
"Regular Rip (A)," 434
Remonstrance (A), 168
Resurrection-Pis, 225
Returning the Compliment, 363
Roses and Tarlars, 5
Ronnel of Drawbacks (A), 236
SAGE Suggestions to the L.C.C., 405
Sardine-Box Railway (The), 97
Scene at any Government Office, 151
School Bill of the Future (A), 150
Shakespeare and the War, 235
Sheridan at the Haymarket, 238
Short Service System (The), 399
Sic itur ad Astra, 15
"Sic Transit," 400
Sine Qua Non (The), 421
Snowed Up, 136
Sob'r Scots, 67
Soldiering at Home, 344
Soliloquies, 184
Some one had blundered, 296
Some Points about Arbitration, 242
Some Reasons Why, 135
Something like an Object Lesson, 262
Song of the Sunshade (The), 458
Song of the War Correspondent, 350
Sonnet from the Portuguese (A), 159
Sortes Shakspeariana, 51
South African Gazetteer (The), 422
Sportive Songs, 272
Steyn at the bottom of the Well, 344
Strange Experience (A), 290
Suggestions for Earl's Court, 367
Supplementary Catalogue (A), 332
"Sure as Eggs is Eggs," 298
Surprising, 75
Swing of the Pendulum (The), 20
Symbolism, 186
"TEMPER" in a Tea-cup (The), 330
Tenniel's Cartoons, 332
Thoughts and Aphorisms, etc., 198
Three Little Patriots, 148
Three Vagabonds of Trinidad, 411
To a Certain Flebiscite, 206
To a Messenger from Mars, 184
To Authors, 112
To a Welsh Lady, 344
To Col. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, 31
To England, 382
To Lis, 422
To Phyllis who Smokes, 213
To Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, 80
To the Clerk of the Weather, 387
To the Editor, who may command Him
Anything, 170
To the G. P. O., 220
Tourist and the Flag (The), 279
Transmigrations of Mr. Labouchere, 441
Twentieth Century (The), 24
Two Visits, 76
UNCONVENTIONALITIES, 308
Under Revision, 64
Under the Beerbohm Tree, 63
Unpacking the Wedding Presents, 423
"Up went the price of—," 345
VALEDICTION (A), 214
Valentine's Day, 1900, 139
"Varium et Mutabile Semper," 163
Very Free Translation (A), 358
Very Hard Cases, 86

Vexed Question (A), 433
 Volcano (The), 183
 Volunteers and the Experts (The), 63
 Wail of the Wobbler (The), 82
 Wandering of a Peace Mission, 404
 War and Peace, 116
 War "News", 96
 Waste Land in the Park, 396
 Way they have in the Cavalry (The), 292
 Way to the Service (The), 129
 Wearin' for the Queen (The), 189
 What's in a Name, 307
 What to do with Him, 172
 When We "Figures of Speech" Philander, 285
 Whip out of Parliament (A), 289
 With-Doctor Kipling, 201
 With Oom Paul, 418

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

ADVANCED Australia, 299
 Before the Fall of the Flag, 330
 "Bravo, Bobs!" 156
 Delegate Matter (A), 551
 Eleventh Hour (The), 335
 Fall of Resource, 191
 Good Wishes, 268
 Handsome Offer (A), 209
 Hanging together, 65
 Holding the Bridge, 59
 Home Defence, 119
 "Hoop-la!" 407
 Imperial Dispensary (The), 371
 "Least Said soonest Mended," 101
 Legacy of Dis-cord (A), 459
 "Never say Die!" 187
 "Open Door" (The), 28
 Pocket versus Sentiment, 237
 "Pro Patria," 10, 11
 Question of the Day (A), 217
 Quite Understood, 353
 "Regrettable Incident" (A), 413
 Shifting his Capital, 425
 True Irish Welcome (A), 245
 Warning (A), 47
 Who said "Dead"? 173

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ACADEMY PICTURES, 348
 African Wild Animals' Preservation, 401
 Amateur Golfer and Slow Caddy, 20
 Army Rook-Shooting, 367
 Artist and Lady Models, 99
 Artists not in the R.A., 397
 Artist's Unfinished Pictures, 402
 Auctioneer Selling a "Turner," 416
 Baggage arriving in Camp, 4
 Balfour a Non-Supporter, 39
 Bell of New York—amended, 373
 Bertie's New Hat, 230
 Best Man to his own Grandfather, 26
 Bobbie and the Boer Children, 308
 Bobbie's hated Friend, 295
 Boers Storing Guns and "Hamblin," 171
 Boy and Guardsman's Eyes, 291
 Britannia and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, 203
 Britannia welcomes the Khedive, 437
 Britannia welcomes the "Powerful," 221
 Brown and the Cuckoo Clock, 207
 Brown's Tender Cigars, 316
 Cabbie and Lady Fare's Half-crown, 337
 Capturing Bottled Beer, 435
 Careful Irish Car-driver (A), 261
 Casting Fly-line behind, 219
 Chamberlain and the Live Shell, 59
 Charity and the Royal Commissioner, 131
 Charlie's Letter from the Front, 277
 Charlie's Line hooks Maudie's Hair, 368
 Children beating a Fair, 148
 Children's Hospital Show (The), 321
 Coachman's Scratched Face (A), 279
 Collier's Explanation of Blank Spaces, 217
 Commissioners and Convivial Gen, 189
 Conciliatory Drill-book for British Army, 67
 Convicted Contractor and Punch, 239
 Council of Political Warriors, 25
 Country Lady and Housebreakers, 446
 Cronje and Napoleon's Shade, 187
 Crying Boy in Railway Carriage, 236
 Crystal Palace Umbrella Stand, 446
 Curate and a Wealthy Parvenu, 136
 Cutting a Figure on the Ice, 118
 Debtor and the Boy with a Bill, 35
 Derby Day in the Roman Period, 379
 Doctor and Patient's Groul, 74
 Dripping Angler and Friend, 408
 Dr. Leyds on Russian Frontier, 96
 Early Offers to Sweep away Snow, 189
 Elderly Golfer and Nurse-Girl, 96
 Ethel's English History, 211
 Excited Fair Sportswoman (An), 40
 Fair Widow and Cremation, 310
 Farmer and Fat Pig, 310
 Farmer's Giles and Cricketers, 439
 Fashion Contributor to "Classy Bits," 280
 Father and Son's Clothes, 50

Father Neptune learning German, 461
 Fisherman's Appetite for Lunch, 94
 Fisherman uses Strong Language, 344
 Fish from a Remnant Sale, 181
 Fishing Man and Farm Dogs, 440
 Fishing Man and the Bull, 185
 Fishing Man and the Cadger, 132
 Fishing Man climbing a Tree, 371
 Fishing Man's broken Rod, 150
 Football Match (A), 301
 Flying Dutchman (The), 331
 Formidable Tramp and Fisherman, 240
 Fox-Shooting on Horseback, 78
 Freddy a Stranger to the Boers, 2
 Frenchman and Marquis's Bags, 104
 Georgia's Third Piece of Cake, 76
 German Band and Cow-, 351
 Germania arming Kruger, 78
 German Prince's Apprenticeship, 347
 Gillies' Mounted Force (The), 29
 Girl with Swelled Face, 405
 Golfour Bacteri (The), 129
 Good-looking Couple (A), 55
 Gooschen and the Co's, 147
 Governess and Children, 154
 Governess and Lazy Girl Pupil, 92
 Groom and Hunting Lady's Hat, 163
 Hairdresser's Sporting Customer, 388
 Half-and-half Seaside Visitor (A), 91
 Harry and Santa Claus's Football, 17
 Hedwin "taking the Shilling," 133
 Hibernia's Farewell to the Queen, 294
 Hint to illustrated Paper Artists, 223
 His very dear Wife, 65
 H-isting the Man in Khaki, 369
 Holding on by the Reins, 58
 Honey-moon Couple amongst Ruins, 116
 Horse and his Master (A), 77
 Horse's Foot in Hunting Man's Pocket, 147
 Horse that won Matches (A), 27
 Horse wrongly Harnessed, 313
 Horsey Man's proof of Love, 63
 Host's best Port in the Cellar, 458
 Hunting Man and Notice Board, 111
 Hunting Men and a Hedge, 185
 Hunting through Floods, 203
 Huntsman's Son out in Khaki, 97
 Husband reading War News to Wife, 47
 Imperial Yeoman and Regular Officer, 255
 Inebriate at Ascot (An), 418
 Irish Gent at the 5th of, 457
 Irish Policeman and Broken Window, 374
 Irish Soldier and his Sweetheart, 297
 Jack who is like his Father, 113
 Jenkins's Motor Car and Horses, 384
 "Joe Chamberlain"—the big Gun, 99
 Jones sitting on his Wife's Hat, 423
 Jumping a Ditch or Canal, 22
 Jumping a Fence back wards, 135
 Kitty's remark to Stay-at-home Captain, 223

Kruger and Portuguese Loan, 326
 Ladies discussing a pretty Nurse, 164
 Ladies discussing Mother's Marriage, 381
 Ladies' Hockey Match, 242
 Lady and the Country Lane, 274
 Lady examining School-girls, 224
 Lady's Ears being bored, 23
 Lady's Khaki Dress, 44
 Lady staying to Lunch, 152
 Lagging little Scotch Boy (A), 170
 Lancers in South Africa, 105
 Landlord has raised the Rent, 180
 Lecky's Page-boy and Punch, 18
 Leno Light Horse (The), 21
 Leyds Woodpecker "tapping" Wires, 111
 Lion, Bear, and Chinese Dragon, 419
 Little Binks on his Night Mare, 213
 Little Boy and Jam Tarts, 260
 Little Boy defining "High Birds," 31
 Little Boys in an Omnibus, 24
 Little Girl's Question in Church, 422
 Little Girl and Baby's Eyes, 258
 Little Girl and Hen's Eggs, 128
 Little Girl and the Lost Cat, 110
 Little Girl and the Newsvendor, 123
 Little Girl looking for "Umbrage," 64
 Little Gun's Complaint (A), 6
 Little Husband and Wife, 301
 Looking after an Epsom Bookie, 357
 Lord Roberts Shilling (The), 57
 Love in Khaki, 404
 Lover's Inadequate Declaration (A), 456
 Lower-tier Arcade Soldiers, 37
 Mabel and Mamma's N-w Dress, 294
 Mabel and the Hot Kitten, 45
 Mabel's Reason for not going Out, 182
 Maid going into a Gentleman's Family, 244
 Major on board a Transport, 273
 Making a refusing Hunter jump, 42
 Mamma's Question about a Train, 222
 Man who understands Ghosts, 219
 Marrying his Cook, 37
 Master Douglas walks with Auntie, 202
 Master Jack spearing Geese, 166
 Meeting of Buller and White, 167
 Melton Groom's Complaint (A), 220
 Miss Charming's Valentine, 115
 Miss Priscilla reading Pope, 199
 Mistress and Newly-engaged Cook, 184
 Motor Car's extra Load (A), 441
 Mounting a Biting Horse, 117
 Mr. de Courcy's Difficulty, 241
 Mr. Green, an Ideal Listener, 434
 Mr. Jones's borrowed "Fiver," 204
 Mr. Punch crossing Muddy Street, 163
 Mr. Punch's Museum, 3, 91, 350
 Mr. Punch's New Colours, 5
 Mrs. Snobington's Morning Call, 278
 New Heir to Scotch Estate, 352
 Non-Sporting Lady and Greyhound, 295
 Not a Poet, but a Proser, 255
 Nursery Infantry and Mamma, 41

Nursery Rhymes in Greek, 199
 Old and New Link Men, 67
 Old Gent Fly-fishing, 454
 Old reading War News, 44
 Old Gentleman's Rheumatism, 354
 Ol: Giles and Miss Marjorie, 188
 Olga's talk with the Cook, 253
 One of a Clever Family, 225
 Opening the Parliamentary Campaign, 75
 Osman Digna a Prisoner, 79
 Our Artist at the Back, 145
 Out-of-Work Man and the Work, 263
 Oxford or Cambridge? 218
 Paris and London, 359
 Parlour-Maid on Waiting at Lunch, 228
 Parvenu's Picture by Titian, 61
 Pat hiding his absent Shirt, 349
 Pedestrian and Fallen Rustic, 412
 Photographing little Boy, 62
 Policeman and Perambulator, 453
 Portrait of a Calculating Gentleman, 31
 Portraits with drawn Expression, 452
 Private View (The), 320
 Pro-Boer Schoolboy (A), 451
 Professor and Aspiring Vocalist, 46
 Punch as Henry the Fifth, 113
 Punch proposing Queen's Health, 365
 Punch welcomes the Prince, 275
 Putting G.C.B. on Horse-Box, 427
 Puzzled Kangaroo (The), 455
 Ready-made Coats (of-Arm), 283
 Rector's Wife and Lady Visitor, 408
 Result of a Stop-the-War Meeting, 243
 Riding Master and Yeomanry Candidate, 99
 Rise of King Coat, 27
 Roberts and Kitchener at Bloemfontein, 307
 Roman Trooping of the Colour, 4
 Rough Channel Passage (A), 369
 Russian autolycus (The), 383
 Sale of a Roaring Horse, 183
 Salisbury and Pillar-post, 257
 Sandy McPherson's Half-crown, 172
 School Inspector and Children, 8
 School Inspector and Lady Teacher, 415
 Scotchman's disappointing Host, 100
 Scotchman's Fishing and Shooting, 133
 Seats of the Mighty, 145, 419
 Sectional View of London Street, 127
 Selling Bikes at Tattersall's, 276
 Shakespeare's Quartos, 325
 Sketch of the Boat Race, 218
 Smelling a Fox, 237
 Smoker consuming Matches, 361
 Soldiers' Blankets Soak up Rain, 494
 Soldier's Christmas Presents (A), 45
 Spiders and the Hornet, 145
 Sporting Youth and the Derby, 502
 Sportsman's Difficulty with Greyhounds, 153
 Stern Father and Daughter, 146
 Stout Golfer's Lost Ball, 60
 Stout Lady and Muddy Road, 314
 Stout Yeoman and Small Khaki, 56
 Stout Youth's Christian Name, 82
 Street Boys discussing Boers, 38
 Subaltern's Stratagems for Leave, 509
 Suggestion for Academy Pictures, 3-6
 Swell asking Lady a Conundrum, 205
 Taking his Gees to South Africa, 256
 Tapestry Visit to Paris Exhibition, 397
 Tattooing the Baby's Arm, 328
 Tearful Papist's Music Lesson, 114
 Ticket Clerk and Smoking Boy, 369
 Tippy Diner's Railway Ticket, 389
 Tippy Husband on Making Night, 385
 Tommy and the Piece of Cake, 238
 Tommy playing at being Belegged, 382
 Tommy's Hunting Weight increasing, 26
 Tommy striking a Match, 201
 Town Hall and the King's Arms, 89
 Tragedian and Cheap Eggs, 3
 Tramp and Lady Cook, 433
 Trooper and South African Locust, 190
 Tutor questions Pupil on Marriage, 266
 Two Artists in Paris, 256
 Two Artists on Varnishing Day, 315
 Two Ladies discussing Matrimony, 42
 Two little Girl Philosophers, 296
 Two Ostriches, 289
 Two Ravens (The), 149
 Umbrellas on Hire, 235
 Vicar and Intoxicated Villager, 57
 Vicar's Daughter's Bicycle, 247
 Vicar's Wife and Old Rustic, 348
 Village Alehouse Politicians, 151
 Violoncello and Fog, 19
 Volunteer who would be in Pretoria, 86
 War and Famine, 311
 War Feeling in the Nursery, 169
 Washerwoman and English Language, 599
 Washerwoman's Boy's Dilemma, 104
 Wet and Dry Lecturer (A), 162
 Why the Horse is for Sale, 345
 Why the War Office rejected Him, 175
 Winter Visit to the North (A), 184
 Yeomanry's Scouting Manoeuvres, 129
 Yeomanry Trooper's Horses (A), 49
 Youth and the Stage, 19



